WORKERS of the WORLD UNITE

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

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THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE WRONGED.

We have seen the reaper toiling in the heat of summer sun,
We have seen the children needy when the harvesting was done.
We have seen a mighty army dying hopeless one by one,
While their flag went marching on.

Oh, the army of the wretched, how they swarm the city street;
We have seen them in the night where the Goths and Vandals meet,
We have shuddered in the darkness at the noises of their feet—
But their host goes marching on.

Our slavers' marts are empty, human flesh no more is sold
Where the dealer's fateful hammer wakes the clink of heaping gold,
But the slavers of the present more relentless powers hold,
Though the world goes marching on.

But no longer shall the children bend above the whizzing wheel,
We will free the weary women from their bondage under steel;
In the mines and in the forests worn and hopeless man shall feel
His cause is marching on.

Then lift your eyes, ye toilers, in the desert hot and drear,
Catch the cool wind from the mountains, hark, the river's voice is near!
Soon we'll rest beside the fountains and the dream land will be here,
As we go marching on.

—HAMLIN GARLAND.

The Passing Show.

CONDUCTED BY OTUS.

WHEN Europe emerged from the middle ages the rising middle class of the towns constituted its revolutionary element. It had conquered a recognised position with mediæval feudal organization, but this position, also, had become too narrow for its expansive power. The development of the middle class, the bourgeoisie, became incompatible with the maintenance of the feudal system. The feudal system, therefore, had to fail.—FREDERICK ENGELS.

London *Daily News*, an anti-Socialist paper, said of Ferrer's murder: "Francisco Ferrer is dead at the hands of a military tribunal influenced by every sentiment which can lend ferocity to the powers of reaction in their eternal struggle against light. Those who have followed the course of this monstrous prosecution need not be told that a judicial murder of aggravated atrocity has been done. Ferrer's crime was that in a country where clericalism exercises a universally-hated, but as yet unshaken, influence upon the Government, he had devoted his life and his resources to the establishment of the first lay schools in Spain."

And again: "Ferrer is dead, and his country is shamed. But she will not forget what he did or how he died. And he will not have died in vain, for the blood of the martyrs is the seed not only of the church, but of freedom and justice."

In a letter to the editor of the Vic. *Socialist*, Mary E. Marcy, one of the associate-editors of the *International Socialist Review*, Chicago, writes: "I am just returning to the office after a three weeks' illness, during which I had the pleasure of reading the little book, 'The Materialist Conception of History,' which I think is one of the truly valuable contributions to Socialist literature. The style is admirable, simple as well as pointed and scientific. I wrote a little review of the book (we are all so much pleased with it), and it will appear in the August *Review*."

Speaking at Paddington, C. W. Oakes, organizer for the Leg-Irons party, told his hearers that "as soon as men of the Peter Bowling type were allowed to run riot they would have a strike in Newcastle in a month, and they would be on the eve of a revolution again." And then he gabbled along to tell them that this was not his opinion alone, but the opinion of such men as Mr. Holman and Mr. Hughes, and it was Mr. Holman who described Bowling as a dangerous man to the worker.

The mere fact that a couple of lawyer men lied stupidly about Mr. Bowling doesn't prove anything. Mr. Oakes seems to think it does.

When John Verran and Co. were returned to power in South Australia, some people reckoned the millenium had just about arrived. But it hadn't.

The United Laborers' Union and its president, Frank Lundie (of the A.W.U.), have dragged the sheepskin disguise off John Verran's back, and the workers are able to see that John's Government is the same old snarling, middle-class wolf with dripping fangs and profit-grinding jaws that carry blood-stains from the torn and lacerated body of disorganised labor.

Two pars. :

A man named William Jackson was sentenced in London to twelve months' imprisonment for stealing a loaf of bread. The same day the House of Commons passed £40,000 expenses in connection with the king's funeral.

An American millionaire named Peacock is spending £10,000 in fitting up a magnificent place for his cows, at Plum, a township near Pittsburg. Splendid bathrooms will enable the cows to bathe winter and summer. The teeth of the cows will be scrubbed daily.

Somebody picked up the torn-out leaf of a book the other day, and brought it along to this office. The page was headed: "On Members of Parliament," and what was printed underneath is worth reproducing here :

"Men become Members of Parliament for a great many reasons. Some that they may write M.P. after their names when they want boots on credit; others that they may be made directors of wheelbarrow-manufacturing companies; others that they may not be arrested for debt; others that they may have an opportunity of calling the Speaker, Sir, and other offensive names. . . .

"When a man wants to be made a Member of Parliament he writes to a number of papers about the 'Burthens of the Taxpayer' or the 'Decay of the Port and Harbor.' After this he goes to a dancing master and learns how to smile and pat children on the head. He then brushes his best hat, and walks about the town, and looks in at the shop windows, and praises the public monuments, and gives other signs of munificence. This makes all the people fond of him. He commits the auxiliary verbs to memory and reads over all my essays for statistical facts. On the next market day he gets upon a table in the street and delivers a speech to the people. Sometimes the people cheer, and sometimes they throw eggs, and hammers, and tin gallons at him. The next day he gets out an Address, and promises to have a new town pump erected, and the army and navy abolished, and the town post-office painted; or to vote against the Government on every occasion. When this has been read he goes about from house to house, and asks everyone to support him, and use his or her influence in his favor. The people then promise to vote for him, and *they* keep their promise.

"There are more than six hundred members of Parliament now. Of these, five hundred are so weak in the knees and have such a lot of brains in their heads that once they gain their seat they never rise out of it, but spend their time wondering what o'clock it is, and what on earth the other 'fellahs' are saying. A man once told me that this is not so much their fault as their misfortune, and that they are willing enough to speak, only that they are men enough to be ashamed of the sentiments which they are supposed to hold."

Says the *War Cry*: Commissioner Coombs has recently been entertained by the Canadian Club in Winnipeg. This assembly of *business men* warmly applauded the Commissioner's statement that less than half of 1 per cent. of *Army* emigrants to Canada had turned out failures.

There is a world of significance in the two words we have italicised.

The electric light suddenly went out while Gregory Wade was talking at Bondi, and some one in the crowd remarked that it meant that Leg-Ironers love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil.

Economic individualism has transformed roses into thorns and flowers into thistles. Under the growth and domination of Competition joy and laughter are choked by sobs and sighs, and wreaths of smiles are drowned in floods of tears.—FATHER MCGRADY.

John Garland, the mediocre person who was poked into a fat Ministerial job after the electors had emphatically bestowed on him the order of the Boot, triumphantly proclaimed his satisfaction with the leg-ironing of Mr. Peter Bowling. "When a unionist went to jail," said Garland, "he had to be subject to the treatment that *other* criminals had to submit to when they break the laws of the country. Bowling was sent to Goulburn jail. ("Yes, like a dog.") Not like a dog, but like what he was—a criminal."

So, according to this lying lawyer man the useful worker is a criminal when he declines to work under the conditions laid down for him by the master class and its hireling lawyers; and Peter Bowling went to jail "not like a dog, *but like what he was—a criminal!*" Before Garland gives utterance to that sort of thumping lie he is always careful to surround his meeting with strong police protection—you see, there's a chance of some decent elector tweaking his nose or standing him on his ear or dumping him into the nearest horse-trough. One thing is certain: Garland could never go to jail, or to any other old place, for that matter, like Peter Bowling did, because, you see, Peter Bowling went to jail *like a brave and honest man*. But what's wrong with the working class telling Garland that he won't be permitted to speak again to a working class audience until he has made ample apology to Mr. Bowling for his cowardly slander.

A Mr. B. J. Somers of the Sambas Rubber Plantations, Ltd., has been telling the Sydney press some interesting things about the Borneo Paradise (for the exploiter, of course). He detailed how his co squared things with the Sultan by paying him £12,000 for a 70 years' lease of 9000 acres, with the option of renewing for another 50 years—120 years in all! The £12,000 works out at £1 6s 8d per acre (nor per year) for the whole 70 years. A ridiculously low rental was also arranged for. As soon as the rubber seedlings are in the ground it is worth £5 per acre; at the end of one year it is worth £20 per acre; at the end of two years, £50; three years, £95; four years, £155; five years, £200! These are Mr. Somers' own statements. How is this additional value to be given to the land? By the slavery and exploitation of the natives, of course! Mr. Somers' Co. didn't pay the Sultan £12,000 for land alone. It takes labor to bestow value on land; and so Mr. Somers cheerfully announces that he "made arrangements with the Sultan" to have the land cleared. Three or four hundred natives are to be *set to work*, and they will get 10s. per acre for clearing the land. And the land of Borneo takes clearing! The Malays and Diaks *have a great respect for the white man*—or for the white man's gun. They are born agriculturists, and they will work readily, says Mr. Somers. But at the same time, he significantly adds, they are like big children, and sometimes become a bit stubborn. "Then you must treat them with kindness—and firmness," *a la* Gregory of the Leg Irons. THEY WOULD WORK FOR ONE SHILLING A DAY! "The Malays are very improvident, and there are three hundred thousand cocoanut trees close to the Samba Estate, which before long would most likely fall into the hands of the Company"—cocoanut trees belonging to the improvident Malays, mind you! Mr. Somers has procured a gramophone to entertain these laborers on his estate at a shilling a day, possibly to keep them from being discontented. [What reckless extravagence! Why didn't he fix them up with the promise of a jewsharp in the next world?] So superstitious were the natives—they seemed to have some sort of presentiment of the evil thing called Trade that was about to overshadow their lives—that Mr. Somers found it necessary to sacrifice a white goat and a white fowl in order to appease the evil spirits, and further chloroform the colored man to the fact that what was happening was the beginning of a mighty sacrifice of the men, women, and children of Borneo on the cruel altar-fires of the God of Profit.

Government presents only one problem: The discovery of a trustworthy anthropometric method.—G. BERNARD SHAW.

If you work like a dog or steal like a hog you may have enough to enable you to live decently by the time you are ready to die. This is the most the capitalist system has to offer a great majority of the people.—*Appeal to Reason.*

Is Mr. W. M. Hughes really so simple as he pretends to be? In a wild endeavor to assure the property-owning class that the Federal Land Tax won't touch municipal properties, he says: "I have been trying to conceive of a case in which a municipality could acquire land other than for public purposes, but cannot do so." Think again, Mr. Hughes. All municipal property is held and operated to-day for the making of profit for the exploiting class; and a man who really understood working class economics would find it hard to conceive of a case in which a present day municipality could truthfully be said to acquire land for public purposes—if the word public is to stand for all the people, and not for a numerically small robber gang.

Every insulting epithet available appears to be employed by Wade and Garland in their references to Mr. Peter Bowling; but when some righteously-indignant worker hits them with an offensive interjection they lose no time in sooling the police on to him. Broken-Hill Barnett fined a man 20s, with the option of seven days' jail, for calling the Coercionist an adjective scroucher. It won't be safe, soon, to call a Wade a Leg-Ironer.

Japan having subjugated Korea, the ruling class of the conquered territory is to be placated with "titles of dignity, honor, and annual grants." The workers alone will suffer. Japan seems to be emulating England's policy in India.

Time was when Owen Gilbert was a member of the Newcastle Socialist League, and used to tramp many miles with Peter Bowling, Holland, and others adressing Socialist meetings. He was then a State school-teacher, and to save him from the wrath of the party of the master class of which he is now a member we used to print his name as "Mr. Desmond." Mr. Gilbert is now busy endeavoring to justify the Leg-Irons Policy, and seeks to save himself by repeating Mr. McGowen's ardent advocacy of the penal clauses. But Mr. McGowen's inability to see anything except through the cross-grained spectacles of stodgy middle-class interests really ought not to furnish a reason for preventing the guillotine of public indignation from chopping Owen's political head off in October. A man who tells a crowd without blushing that "the Industrial Disputes Act is the most beneficial piece of legislation ever enacted in the interests of the workers" deserves to have his political head sliced off.

Labor-candidate Lloyd, at Albury, denied that he was a city man, and said that he felt that his interests were with the country, and that therefore he could capably represent a country constituency.

A working-class candidate would see no difference in country and city interests. Working-class interests are the same everywhere. What Mr. Lloyd meant to convey, we guess, was that his sympathies and interests were in line with the country farmers and small exploiters, and not with the city wage-workers. This is the bog into which Opportunism drags the Labor politician.

Garland, libeller and slanderer of Peter Bowling, scampers away into a rat-hole every time he is challenged over the jailing and leg-ironing outrage. "Where was the Labor Party in the coal strike?" he shrieked the other night. Well, at least one of them was sitting in secret conflab. with Garland's leg-ironing pal and discussing the advisability of jailing Peter Bowling; some were publicly denouncing Mr. Bowling for a dangerous man; and most of the others were sitting tight and praying to Providence to speedily swing those [jail] gates ajar. Because the Labor Party ratted on the miners, the Garland person thinks the fact will go to cover up his own political uncleanliness.

The motto of the successful under this system is: Never postpone till to-morrow what you can grab to-day.—*Appeal to Reason.*

When capitalism has plucked the people to the bone, it proceeds to lecture them on their extravagant habits. Reminds us of the old gag of the idle rich about the working class (who do nothing but work) being lazy.—*S.-D. Herald.*

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Committee and General Meetings.

The following meetings will be held at 274 Pitt-street, Sydney, during the forthcoming week:—

Tuesday, 8—S.F.A. Administrative Council.
Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Club Executive.
Monday, 8.30 p.m.—Joint Executives.
Monday, 9.15 p.m.—Party Executive.

"All before us lies the way—
Give the Past unto the wind;
All before us is the Day,
Night and Darkness are behind!"

The Fate of the Worker.

BY J. BLUMENTHAL.

How many workers who are compelled to live in the growing slum areas of the cities are there who know that their line is doomed to extinction through their very environment?

Very few, indeed, are aware of this fact, and the same might be said of their knowledge of anything that is essential to human progress, both mental and physical.

The ignorance of the masses is one of the standing disgraces of our so-called civilisation. With the vast growth in the production of commodities within the last century that would, under better economic conditions, have made for the betterment of the human race, we find that the capitalistic system of private ownership of the means of production is the cause of all those evils which are bred in the congested slum areas of that social puerility—the modern city.

Whenever the statistics of the poor show a higher death rate (as they usually do) in comparison to that of the richer section of the community, the *blasé* business man terms these results the "survival of the fittest." Perhaps those who lack any conception of evolution may accept this perversion of scientific fact for the cause of this phenomena. There is no evidence whatever in support of the contention that it is a case of the "weakest going to the wall" whenever the mortality or criminality rate of that portion of the community designated as the laboring class assumes large proportions, for the truth of the matter is that the very conditions that breed all these evils—the narrow street, that modern abortion the terrace house, unhealthy, immoral and insanitary surroundings, etc.—are due primarily to the greed of landlordism.

Science says that we are what heredity and environment make us—nothing more, nothing less. Our characters are both germinal or *inborn* and somatic or *acquired*. It is by means of the environment—the greatest and most plastic means within our power—that we are enabled to eradicate or strengthen any latent character in the individual for the benefit of that particular person and society, or otherwise. Modern science has improved on some of the imperfect laws formulated by that master mind of the nineteenth century, Charles Darwin, for we know now that only one or two diseases are transmissible by heredity. But the tendency to disease is transmitted, and it depends on the environment whether that tendency will be brought out or eradicated. For instance, a child of consumptive parents would not be consumptive, but would only have the *tendency* to consumption. If that child is bred in favorable surroundings for the development of that disease, *e.g.*, the slums, the tendency will be brought out into its most malignant form, and its descendants will have the tendency to consumption in a stronger form, until eventually by the operation of the law of the survival of the fittest, the family is exterminated. But even apart from any scourge of civilisation, the town dweller is by virtue of this *artificial* life *compelled* to degenerate by breathing in the fetid atmosphere and living in the close confinement of the city's narrow borders.

Dr. Saleeby, a well-known English scientist, in a book on "Sociology," makes the statement that two doctors between them were unable to find more than half-a-dozen *Londoners* in all London—Londoners being defined as those whose grandparents were born in London. "But for the constant access of fresh blood from without, London would be depopulated in three generations." In the chapter on the "Indictment of the Modern City," Dr. Saleeby says:—"It is the growing child of slums that is deteriorate: not because there is anything inherently the matter with this people, but because whole and worthy human beings cannot be reared in conditions to which none of us would submit a valuable dog, a pigeon, or a flower bed."

Herein, on the authority of men of science whose profound knowledge secures them appreciative listeners, the worker is told that if he continues living in his present despicable surroundings *his line is doomed to extinction!* I am recording this scientific ray of light so that the workers may ponder on the the seriousness of their position. You know that you cannot change your environment, for you have not the means. There is a way out of your manufactured doom, however, but you must understand Socialism and realise what it stands for. You must learn that the "liberty" these Liberals prate so much about is non-existent for you. You have even less liberty than had the slave of the American plantations. The slave was the property of the master, and as he cost money it was not profitable for the master to ill-treat him. He was as a rule assured of plenty of food and certain conditions of employment, for an accident to the slave meant a monetary loss to the owner.

But you and your liberty?

As you do not own the tool of production, say a factory, and have only one commodity to sell, namely, your labor-power, you dispose of that power to the factory owner. You cannot go on the land, as it is privately owned, so you must accept the factory owner's price for your labor power, or die of hunger. The only liberty in this connection that you have is, if not satisfied with one purchaser, you may go to another, but even this semblance of liberty is rapidly disappearing owing to the trustification of industry in the hands of a few.

The free worker! You who have to find your own purchaser! For your own defence you take parliamentary action to ensure the passing and application of Scaffolding Acts, Pure Foods' Acts, Workers' Compensation Acts, etc., and when you are maimed in your employment through insufficient protection, your master inserts a shilling advertisement in the paper and receives scores of applicants for your position. The capitalist assures himself of sufficient labor to defeat your "exorbitant" demands by strike-breaking and other methods. Even Vagabondage Acts are passed so that you will not be free to have a "loaf," but are compelled to serve your master. The rich, be it noted, who as a rule have never done a day's work in their life, are never apprehended under the Vagabondage Act! But they are your masters. They are the minority, and they made the law to suit their class interest. Don't you think it time you workers organised yourselves yourselves both locally and internationally on an industrial plan, as your masters do?

Under present conditions the worker is doomed. Driven to desperate straits, the workers must eventually overthrow society as at present constituted, for the capitalistic system contains within itself the germs of its own dissolution; but Socialists want the coming Revolution to be a peaceful one, not a sanguinary affair as it must be if brought about under present circumstances. So YOU must join our ranks, and awaken others out of their lethargic slumber.

Socialism will give the world a new birth and make humanity supreme.

Wattle Day.

BY F. J. RILEY.

WHILST the workers of the world generally are realizing more and more every day that they constitute a class, and their interests are identical, no matter what flag flies above them (the flag being only an emblem of Capitalism), here in Australia in the Twentieth Century the workers are falling easy victims to the National Sentiment craze. They believe they are a superior lot of individuals; that their conditions in Australia are so superior to that of other countries that one day a year should be set aside for the purpose of being told this by the capitalists or their representatives—judges, lawyers, editors, parsons, etc.

September 1 is to be set aside in future as Wattle Day, and on this day the capitalists are to scratch the backs of the workers and tell them, as one judge put it, "how fortunate they are to be born in Australia"; what a grand and glorious country Australia is for the worker; how free and independent he is, etc.

This is the sentiment that is moving Australia to-day.

Yet in Queensland, where the wattle grows, the workers have to work in the cane brakes for a miserable pittance under the most wretched conditions. In many of the other industries they have had to strike against the tyrannous domination of the capitalist class.

In N.S.W., whilst the workers of Newcastle were apeing the snobocracy by wearing wattle blossom, Peter Bowling was lying in one of the capitalist dungeons because he dared to advocate liberty for the working class.

At Cobar men have to work 365 days a year because they are so FREE that they can't help it. Thousands of agricultural laborers are working for from 10s a week and keep. Miners are existing at Broken Hill under the worst conditions imaginable. In every industry in N.S.W. the workers generally are so free that they have to toil from the cradle to the grave in order to keep body and soul together.

In Victoria the freedom of the worker allows the Ballarat and Bendigo and other workers on the mining fields to be exploited under the tributing system, and it is only those workers who have had to work under this system who can fully understand the true significance of such freedom. Tramway men, under threat of dismissal, have had to sign a document stating that they are satisfied with the conditions they are working under. Boy labor, long hours, and sweated conditions characterise the working of the railways.

The wattle grows in South Australia, but who will deny that the worker there is not free. South Australia has a "Labor" Ministry. The Chief Secretary (Mr. Wallis, a member of the Typographical Society, who sent police to Port Pirie and Renmark to bludgeon workers who had gone on strike against wretched conditions) appeared in Parliament wearing a sprig of wattle blossom. At Port Pirie men have to work seven days a week in lead fumes; there's no seventh "Day of Rest" for the Port Pirie workers under the godly rule of John Verran and Co. Five years in the Port Pirie smelting works makes cripples of working men, and they are ruthlessly thrown on the industrial scrap-heap. Girls work 100 hours a week in Adelaide restaurants for a soul-destroying pittance. Miners work at Wallaroo and Moonta (the district that returns the God-fearing Premier) and keep families on £1 a week. Men who protest against the tyrannical brutalities of governmental bosses are compelled to strike—to divorce themselves from the opportunity to make a living—to obtain redress.

In Western Australia, the tramway men of Perth have been forced to strike against unbearable conditions imposed on them by their masters. The union officials have been prosecuted, found guilty, and heavily fined because they dared to make a stand on behalf of their fellows.

In Tasmania the wattle will also be the emblem of Sweat. In the jam factories girls are not paid enough to maintain themselves. Men in the flour mills have to work up to 100 hours per week for ridiculously low wages. Surface-hands on the mining fields work seven days a week. Fruit-pickers are forced to work for their keep.

The Australian workman as a rule skites of the superiority of his position to that of the workers of other parts of the world, yet in every state there is to be found poverty, misery, and degradation just the same as in any other capitalistically-governed country. He is taught to cultivate a national sentiment by wearing a wattle blossom whilst the workers of other countries are being impressed with the international sentiment. Whilst the Australian worker is wearing a yellow blossom of Jingoism to signify his parochialism, the worker of the world is wearing RED for internationalism, the oneness of blood, the oneness of interests.

Australian workingman, did you ever see the members of the capitalist class on Labor Day wearing red? Most decidedly not. Yet you on the capitalists' day wear the emblem of your submission to the wage system. Shake off your narrow-mindedness,

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which is at the present time blocking working class progress. Your color is red; your day is every day. Every day is worth living. Organise and throw off the yoke that galls you. Hold out the hand of international brotherhood to all the world's workers, realising that you have but one enemy—the world's capitalist class.

Where Awards Fail.

Melbourne's Boot Factories and Sweat-shops.

BY A CLICKER.

No. 4 Factory.

HERE the employees are working under the stinging lash without protest or interference by the union. Female employees are only allowed to go the lavatory twice a day, once in the morning and once in the afternoon, and the most shocking things happen in the workroom as a result. Men work under similar conditions. These lavatories are kept locked, and the key is brought inside and held by the boss, or placed where the boss can see everybody who goes out. This sort of thing goes on in some of the most modern factories—especially in one that it cost about £30,000 to build and fix up with the very latest machinery. The only thing for the worker suffering with any complaint like diarrhœa is to go home—he or she dare not use the lavatory more than once in the half-day. This reminds me of my childhood days: "Please, teacher, may I go out?" And the teacher would reply: "Yes, but don't stay long." The poor wage-slave is compelled to plead: "Please, master, may I use the lavatory!" And the master says: "Yes, but not more than once in half a day!"

"Wages" seems to be the only objective of the Victorian Boot Trade Union. Never mind the health conditions. Fancy employees resisting the demands of nature till the dinner hour, and this in our most modern factories!

Smaller factories work under the most disgusting health conditions. I know places that the lime wash has not touched for 20 years! and I know the Act stipulates that they must be attended to every two years. The old notices that have adorned the walls for 20 years expose this evasion. Then they wonder why the dread White Plague grips so many of our Australian factory workers.

When the boot trade case was before the Federal Arbitration Court, evidence was tendered re the twice-a-day lavatory system, and the manipulation of the key by the boss, but—although Judge Higgins declared that he was inexpressibly shocked by the disgusting revelations, especially concerning the women workers—he could do nothing. To have ordered a change would have been outside the scope of the powers bestowed on the Court by the Act—it would have been "unconstitutional."

The power of a class-conscious press will go far towards the workers, and killing the abuses that belong to the wage-slavery in the boot factories of to-day.

Why should not the boot workers organise on the lines of industrial unionism—the lines of revolutionary Socialism—and assume a fighting attitude. They might even print a paper, and devote its columns to exposing the vile conditions that exist, while making propaganda for still more effective organisation. Suppose this boot-trade horror could be written up as Sinclair wrote up the meat trade abomination of Chicago! Do you think for a moment that the shepherded lavatory key, and the three-minutes-a-time system could last with sensible and planful working-class organisation? Or that the speeding-up system I have previously described could be perpetrated, under which the "finishing of boots—men's and women's—with machinery costs about 1d per pair, whereas with hand-labor it cost about 1s per pair?

Men and boys work after the machines.

Men do what we call seat-wheeling. A finisher can do about 24 pairs in 20 minutes—he has to register this work on a printed slip.

A man required to use the lavatory more than once in the half-day, and was forced to go home sick as a result of not being permitted to use it; another man took his seat for the few days he was absent, and got through 27 pairs in the time it took the sick man to do 24. When the sick man returned to work, after just undoing the knot in his internals, and not feeling too well as a consequence, he found he was expected to do the 27 pairs also, with the alternative of finding another job!

This speeding-up system is in vogue in a number of Melbourne factories, and when we remember the conditions in more highly developed capitalist countries, and what the speeding-up system means to the workers there, we can discover the image of our own future.

Mark Foy keeps 15 motor cars, besides racehorses. But the workers in Mark Foy's big shop don't own any motor cars. Indeed, the tailoresses in Mark Foy's rag factory have to walk to work because they can't afford to pay tram fares. Mark Foy doesn't work; his employees do. He has the motors; they haven't. Is this a funny thing in the Twentieth Century?

Mental Dynamite.

Or Little Lessons to Learn.

BY GEORGE R. KIRKPATRICK.

Lesson Five: On Hunting a Job.

1. MOST jobs are inseparably CONNECTED with THINGS—with the things the workers use (mines, tools, machinery, &c.) while working. These things are called "the means of production."

"The means of production" are such things as coal mines, iron mines, gold mines, copper mines, lead mines, silver mines, land, forests, rock quarries, slate quarries, clay banks for brick, tile, &c; oil wells, gas wells, &c., &c. (sources of RAW MATERIAL).

Also, such things as flour mills, cotton mills, woollen mills, silk mills, steel mills, shoe factories, furniture factories, lumber mills, sugar mills, tile factories, brick "works," locomotive "works," machinery, factories, &c. (the things men use in WORKING UP the raw material).

Also, such things as railroads, the telegraph, telephone, warehouses, distributing stores, commercial offices, waggons, draft horses, &c., &c. (the things men use in DISTRIBUTING goods).

2. Now, when a worker "hunts a job," he must go where the jobs are—that is, where the means of production are—because he applies his labor-power (his energy, his life) in producing goods by USING some of the means of production.

3. The first thing, then, when hunting for a job, is to find some of the means of production and then "GET NEXT" to those means of production; that is, ARRANGE FOR USING those means of production—and thus be EMPLOYED.

Lesson Six: On Owning a Job.

The worker who OWNS the things which he uses while producing (that is, the means of production), such a worker owns his job—he is so far FREE—free from the man who buys labor-power and lives on PROFITS. Do you admit that? It is important.

1. The jobs are inseparably CONNECTED with the means of production.

2. Then those who own the means of production own the jobs.

3. Therefore, those who own the jobs furnish the jobs—that is, they "furnish the work" to the workers.

4. Well, then, logically,

If PART of the people owns the means of production, that PART of the people (that class) will furnish the jobs—"furnish work"—and they will consequently be the masters of the workers who must have jobs or starve. (Read that again. That is the capitalist plan, or method, of furnishing jobs.)

But if ALL of the people—jointly, collectively—owned the means of production, then ALL of those willing to work could FURNISH WORK FOR THEMSELVES, and thus be so far FREE—free in thus having free access to the means of production, free thus to enjoy the full value of what they produce with their own labor-power, their own lives; free to "cut out" the PROFITS that at present go to the buyers of labor-power. Do you see that? Your employer master sees it—distinctly. That is why he de dislikes collective ownership of the means of production—the plan proposed by the Socialists. (See Lesson Eleven.)

Lesson Seven: On Controlling a Job.

If you, a man, are a member of the working-class you are, under capitalism, politically a man, industrially a thing. (Read that again.) Think of this:

1. Things can't vote.

2. A horse is a thing. (A horse has no personality.)

3. Therefore a horse can't vote—either politically or industrially.

1. Things can't vote.

2. Chattel slave men were regarded as things.

3. Therefore, chattel slave men could not vote either politically or industrially.

1. Those whose political PERSONALITY is FULLY recognised are permitted to vote—politically.

2. A white wage-slave man's POLITICAL personality is fully recognised.

3. Therefore, a white wage-slave man is permitted to vote politically. (Politically he is fully a MAN.)

1. Those whose INDUSTRIAL personality is not fully recognised are not permitted to vote industrially—that is, they are not permitted to vote DECISIVELY in the management of industry.

2. The white (and black) wage-slave men's industrial personality is not fully recognised.

3. Therefore, the white, and black, wage-slave men are not permitted to vote industrially; that is, they are not permitted to vote DECISIVELY in the control of industry. (Industrially they are THINGS.)

And this withholding from the worker, in industry, the recognition of his human dignity, this ranking him as THING in industrial control, this refusal to permit him to vote DECISIVELY IN INDUSTRY, this CONTEMPT for the worker—this is part of Capitalism. Do you like it?

CONSIDER AGAIN:—We live under political freedom and under an industrial despotism.

1. You, a working-class man, are permitted to vote politically; that is, you—even you—are permitted to help select the general political superintendents, or foremen, of Australia, the Government and Members of Parliament. Is it really safe to let you vote politically? Do you think you should be POLITICALLY disfranchised? If not, WHY not?

2. But you, a working-class man, are not permitted to help select the superintendent or foreman of the mine you work in, or the superintendent or foreman of the shop, or mill, or factory you work in. Neither is a horse permitted to do so; nor was a chattel slave permitted to do so.

If the workers in a factory were permitted to select their own foreman, it would be logically to their interest to select the fairest-minded and most intelligent one of their number.

Ask your Senators about this?

If you have brains enough to help select a Senator, then why haven't you brains enough to help select the foreman for the shop you work in? Why should not the workers control the work?

REMEMBER IT IS ADMITTED that—

1. The logical way to prevent POLITICAL despotism is to DISTRIBUTE the political CONTROL—let the people vote politically.

Then it must be admitted that

2. The logical way to prevent INDUSTRIAL despotism is to DISTRIBUTE the INDUSTRIAL control—let the workers vote INDUSTRIALLY—let the workers control the work.

Capitalism's Trail of Blood.

Or, The Dignity of Labor.

For if blood be the price of all your wealth,
Good God! we have paid it in full.

By a fall of earth at the Lancefield mine, Laverton (W.A.), Joseph Ferraro, a miner, was killed instantly.

Arthur Cupling, driver, was unloading two large wheels from his cart at Darling Harbor, when one of the wheels fell on him, causing severe injuries.

William Keene, shunter, was knocked down by a train at Homebush, and killed.

Cecil Melene was severely injured at Parsons Bros.' factory, Kent-street, Sydney.

William Priestly, laborer, was injured by a fall of bricks near the Haymarket.

Fred. White, fireman, fell into a tank of boiling water at the Ultimo power-house. His legs and right arm were badly scalded.

Robert Hill was struck by a piece of flying timber from a circular saw at McKenzie's timber yard, Pyrmont, sustaining internal injuries.

Robert Clayton, 14, was killed while carting bricks in York-road, Waverley.

Patrick Ryan, while working at Hoskin's iron works, Ultimo, was jammed between his lorry and the wall, and received severe injuries.

Alexander Manners, railway employee, was run over by a train at Clifton Hill, Melbourne, and killed. His head and arm was found some distance away from the body.

Elizabeth Marshall, employed at Walsh's Hotel, Golden Gate (Q.), was burned to death.

Elizabeth Blake, domestic servant, died suddenly at her employer's residence, Darling Point, last Saturday night. She was sitting in a chair when she fell to the floor with blood gushing from her mouth.

Sydney *Telegraph* says the "general opinion at Sydney Trades Hall is that Premier Verran did the right thing" in turning down the unionists in favor of the offensive and tyrannical foreman, Thompson. If this were so—and we very much doubt it—the general opinion at Sydney Trades Hall would be blackleg opinion.

The Liberal (Leg-Irons) candidate who is to oppose Strike-breaker and ex-preacher Kearsley for Northumberland is appropriately named Sharks. All Leg-Irons candidates ought to be named Sharks.

Crime is only the retail department of what, in wholesale, we call penal law.—G. BERNARD SHAW.

While we have prisons it matters little which of us occupy the cells.—SHAW.

S.F.A. News & Notes.

Sydney Jottings.

BY F.J.R.

THE usual Club social passed off successfully on Friday evening.

Sunday morning looked threatening, and it rained heavily; but the afternoon cleared up beautifully, and a very large crowd attended the Socialist meeting in the Domain. Walsh again got into harness and took the chair. Riley followed, and trenchantly criticised the inauguration of wattle day, showing that the fostering of the national sentiment craze was being worked to draw the attention of the workers from their social conditions. Wilson dealt with the South Australian Labor Party and their attitude towards the workers there, pointing out that political action is useless unless it is Revolutionary Socialist action backed up by conscious working-class organisation. Holland was the last speaker. He made brief reference to his visit to Peter Bowling. A Labor Party interjector went away disconsolated.

Every available copy of THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST was bought up at to Domain meeting, and many who came late could not be supplied.

At Martin Place on Sunday night, Slade held the crowd spell-bound with his logic. Wilson dealt with strikes and Labor Governments.

The Goulburn-street meeting was largely attended. Hocking held a large crowd for a space of three parts of an hour. Riley followed, with good effect.

Broken Hill.

Accidents in the Hill have been very frequent of late. Several this week. In one of these a young man, by the name of Hulbert, had his arm torn out from the socket. Very little notice is taken of it. Plenty of wage-slaves to take his place. "Man is like the spoke of a wheel; when broken remedy easy by placing a new one in its place.

The A.M.A. recently appointed a check-inspector for the line of lode, his duties being to inspect all dangerous places, and see that they were rectified. According to the Mines Inspection Act, 24 hours notice has to be given when visiting the mines. A few of the mines' managers acceded to the request, and granted permission, but some seriously objected, saying that two inspectors had to be appointed to meet the requirements of the Mines Inspection Act. With that the A.M.A. immediately appointed another inspector; but to their surprise when marching on to the Central and Block 10 they were immediately ordered off the leases. In the meantime, a wire has been sent to heads of Department. Waiting developments.

The debate at Burke Ward Institute between the Socialists and Labor Party was continued last Friday night.

Nulty took the place of Beilkin, who was absent. His defence of the L.P. was weak. He said it was impossible to get fair and decent conditions, except through arbitration.

O'Reilly followed, and contended that the principles advocated by the Socialist Party would achieve the emancipation of the working class. He severely criticised the Labor Party's objective, and described how the root cause of all the evil of to-day, misery and starvation, was to be found in the private ownership of the means of wealth-production.

Doe and Harris spoke, and were followed by Vic. Cogan, who referred to O'Reilly's charge made during the previous debate that W. M. Hughes had scabbed it on the Newcastle miners; he denounced Hughes as a blackleg of the worst type. Not only had he betrayed the Newcastle miners, but he had had a two-hours conference with Wade re the arrest of Peter Bowling and others. Not only had Hughes deliberately betrayed the coal miners, but also Andrew Fisher, Prime Minister of Australia, went to the southern district, and there met Cotton, ex-M.L.A., and others, and arranged for the western men to go back to work so that the harvest might be got to market, sacrificing the industrial workers in the interests of the farmers. He advised them to read Debs's famous letter on Immigration, and declared that the Socialists recognised no racial barriers, but were fighting to free all men, women, and children in the world from the bondage of slavery.

Alf. Giles supported the Socialist attitude, making some telling points against arbitration.

Nulty, in reply, eulogised the Labor Party's White Australia policy, and defended Hughes, who, he said, was one the brainiest and most level-headed men in Australia. He said it was proved in court on sworn evidence that Hughes moved in congress, in the early stage of the fight, to call the wharf-laborers out, and was opposed by P. Bowling and others. [Hughes explained in court that his motion to call the wharf-laborers out was only bluff.—ED.]

Bread war still on. Some of the master bakers broke their promise, and were found to be selling at the same rate as Nelson. With that, the employees in the bakeries decided to down tools.

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"Who is to Rule?"

BY A UNITED LABORER.

COWARD, you have made the great refusal! You have won the gilde praise
Of the wringers of his heart's-blood from the worker's sunless days,
Of the lord and the land-owner, of the rich man who has bound
Labor on the wheel to break him, strew his rent limbs on the ground.

— FRANCIS ADAMS.

A VICTORY! A victory at last! Labor has come to its own! So went forth the shout on April 2 when the electors of South Australia returned as their representatives an absolute majority of pledged Labor members. That victory led the workers to believe that the millennium had at last been reached, that the trades unions would no longer demand in vain the redress of their grievances through the governmental machine. Alas, but how bitter is the disappointment of the workers of that State now.

Every industrial happening since the advent of the Labor Government has proved the Socialists' contention that the Labor Party must fail to administer the Capitalist State to the satisfaction of the class it is supposed to represent—the working-class.

The Labor Party went into power pledged to give the Government employees 8s per day. Mr. Denny (now Attorney-General) stated from the hustings that the Labor platform could be summed up as:

Eight hours sleep, eight hours play,
Eight hours work, and eight bob a day.

After the Government had been in power some months, the United Laborers' Union petitioned, deputationised, and demanded that the Government should fulfil its promise in respect those State employees who belonged to the U.L.U., and it was only by the threat of a strike that the demand was enforced. Although months have elapsed, it is only these laborers, whose demand was backed up by economic force, who have received the 8s. To the rest the promise is still a promise only.

Most of the tricky politicians are too busy attending church bazaars, or prize-fights, judging horse races, advocating 2s 6d totalisators, etc., to trouble about their election pledges.

Since the advent of the Labor Ministry more working-class demands have been side-tracked or squelched than during the life of any previous Ministry. Reverses have been sustained by industrial organisations through the chloroforming tactics of these "Labor" politicians.

The timber yard employees have to toil under wretched conditions; they asked the politicians to aid them to get these rectified. The politicians refused, and the men struck. Members of the Labor Ministry had a conference with the employers, then with the employees; told the employees to be good boys and go back to work, and they would see that their troubles were ended. This settled the timber yard strike. The men went back under the old conditions, and are now finding out that their troubles are only beginning.

The manager of the municipal tramways victimised a unionist because he dared to say that the aims of the Tramway Club were inimical to the best interests of unionism. The Premier was approached by the unionists asking asking for a reinstatement of this worker. The Premier bluntly refused the demand, although practically the whole weight of the trades union movemeet of South Australia was behind the victimised unionist Lloyd.

The employees of Simpson's (who recently struck) were led to believe all kinds of fairy tales, but it was left to that now notorious strike-breaker Blundell to settle them, and their strike ended in disaster. They were defeated by their friends, the "Labor" politicians.

Members of the United Laborers' Union have for years been urging upon their organisation the necessity of taking a decisivie stand againt working under a ganger named Thompson—a bounding, bullying, blustering local preacher, who yells at men as though they were oxen. The writer has worked under this driver of slaves, and knows him. Whilst the Government freezers were being erected at Port Adelaide, Thompson could be heard a quarter of a mile away yelling at the men under him. "Bend your back!" "Shift yourself! If you don't get a move on, you had better get your time." These and many other "christian" exhortations and epithets were being hurled by this local preacher at men who were working knee deep in a mangrove swamp. When the Mitcham line was being ballasted, some women in the neighborhood, who could not stand the antics of this bullying foreman any longer, waited on him personally, and called him every name that signified brute they could find in the English language. Children were refused permission, by this gentle, pious, roaring christian, to give fruit to men who were working with the thermometer registering anything up to 115 in the shade. This friend of Sunday-school teacher Verran kept men working two and a half hours with the temperature ranging up to 105 in the shade without a drink of water. He dared any man to leave his work to get a drink. Anybody yielding to the dictates of the terrible thirst that belongs to such labor under such conditions was immediated dismissed. These are only one or two instances of Thompson's treatment of the men under him.

Since the United Laborers have taken up this case hundreds of letters have been received, wishing the union every success in its efforts to dislodge the offensive bully.

The U.L.U. first requested that the ganger's conduct should be made the subject of an impartial inquiry. This was refused, till the men threatened to strike if their demands were not acceded to. When the enquiry was held it was made such a lopsided affair that the unionists again protested, but this was of no avail. Thompson, whose bullying attitude Labor-member Denny said was an "excellent qualification for a foreman," carried influence far greater than the influence of 3000 members of the U.L.U. The Labor Premier said: "I say unhesitatingly that Mr. Thompson has my confidence."

Is it possible to describe the feelings of these outraged men who had waited years, worked hard, sacrificed time and money—many of them even sacrificed their jobs—to return a Labor Ministry, believing that by such action they would at least receive a measure of justice in State employ, and that men like Thompson would be shifted, and the days of tyranny and insult and humiliation for them be ended.

The union decided quickly the correct line to follow, and followed it. Members of the union have been called out, and will remain out until such time as Thompson is removed as a ganger.

Premier Verran, the good Cornish miner, has now arisen with the howl of how his christian friend, Thompson, is being deprived of his bread and butter by union coercion. Strange, isn't it, that Verran never thought of the victimised tramway unionist's bread and butter—but that's a different tale. Lloyd is only an ordinary wage-slave victimised by a despot who is in the pay of Verran and the municipalities. Has it never occurred to the religious Mr. Verran how many widows and orphans this christian ganger of his has made by driving men at top speed, by making them slave without a drink on hell-hot days, by working them in water under brutal conditions? Has it ever occurred to him that 3000 men would never sanction a strike just for the fun of the thing, or just for the sake of seeing their wives and children suffer? The marvel to me is that some outraged wage-slave has not summarily dealt with this religious bully and friend of John Verran's. John Verran might leave off reading his bible for a few moments, and say whether thousands of women and children are to be made suffer the hunger-pangs to meet the convenience of his Christian friend? Are the interests of one man to predominate over the interests of 3000 men? "Who is to rule?" the daily papers are asking. The answer is: The WORKERS must rule. A real working-class party, believing in industrial as well as political democracy, would declare that the workers must have the right to choose their own foremen, gangers, overseers, superintendents etc., and they must also have the right to change those elected officials when they don't suit. Is Verran prepared to enforce the industrial despotism that he advocates by starving the women and children? Or will he tell them the same old fairy-tale he told the starving Port Pirie workers who were locked out by John Darling and Co. because they resisted unjust conditions? Will he tell the United Laborers to pray and Providence will rectify their wrongs?

Will he once more tell the laborers that if they ceased drinking their troubles would cease also? Will he yet again carry his over-fed person around the country telling the workers that the interests of Capital and Labor are identical? Or is he, John Verran, going to run away on a Parliamentary picnic to Oodnadatta, whilst his fellow-unionists starve?

Here in N.S.W., that despicable particle of mud, Gregory Wade, of Leg-Irons notoriety, says John Verran is taking "the right attitude." What more damning evidence could John Verran want of the criminality of his own conduct.

Wade fled to New Zealand; John Verran races away to Oodnadatta! Then again Strike-breaker Holman (whom the rock-choppers and coal lumpers and tramway unionists refused a hearing for his treachery) has also endorsed John Verran's attitude. Again what greater proof does John Verran want that his attitude is wrong to hell? And there's not a political crook nor yet a printed capitalist sheet in all Australia that does not accord John Verran a hearty vote of thanks by acclamation for his traitorism to Labor. And there's not a conscious working-class man, woman, or child from the centre to the sea-board of Australia that does not hurl anathema at John Verran and his hireling, prostitute Government.

Honest John Verran, they call him! He tells the workers that he represents them; and he is going to make the women and children starve because they declare that their husbands shan't work under a tyrant. What an admirable servant of the capitalist class! In his own cheap, sneering way, he throws dirt at the representatives of the unionists. He says Frank Lundie wants to wreck his miserable, lying, traitorous Labor Party. If this was Lundie's only purpose of life, then all he would need to do would be to sit down and watch John Verran and his strike-breaking followers doing their dastardly work. John Verran and Co. are wrecking a genuine working-class industrial movement that men of Lundie's stamp organised. Lundie wants no man's pen to defend him; he has the solid support of 3000 union laborers. John Verran has the support of the capitalist fraternity. This in itself is Lundie's splendid defence. Lundie was organising the workers in the stirring days before '90; before John Verran and his quasi-Labor Government were heard of, and now John Verran and his pitiable, lawyer-master crowd are reaping the fruits—soft parliamentary seats with big fees. They can well afford to cast slurs, but their slurs don't cut any ice. The U.L.U. has taken the correct attitude, and if John Verran were true to working-class principles, he would determine that every government position should be filled by the workers by ballot. This writer knows something of the rotten tin-pot governmental officials; and John Verran knows that if Thompson is shifted, the whole of the government service will have to be reorganised, because 90 per cent of the officials are of the Thompson type. John Verran has "made the great refusal," he has "won the gilded praise" of all the capitalistic papers, pulpiteers, and politicians of Australia. Professional politician, arch-traitor to working-class interests, henceforward let his name be Mud!

The Pleasant Sunday Afternoon benefit tendered to Mrs. Pitt, at Melbourne, was a splendid success. It is expected that the nett result will be £50.

Jim Pope is in Melbourne again. He contemplates visiting Westralia.

WANTED.

SMART LAD for THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST Office. One with previous experience preferred. Apply at 61 Goulburn-st., Sydney, at 12 noon this Saturday.

Propaganda Fixtures.

DOMAIN—Sloan (chair), Mrs. Harris, Wilson Hirst, Walsh.
MARTIN PLACE—Harris (chair), Hirst, Walsh.
GOULBURN-STREET—Sloan (chair), Slade, Wilson.
The Evening Meetings will commence at 7.

Answers to Correspondents.

M.C., Corrimal.—Don't worry about that. The second ballot won't save Wade and Co. But McGowen and Co. will just as faithfully represent ALL classes. And the penal-clause bludgeon will still be available for brain-smashing unions whose members go on strike and imperil the profit-making of the robber faction.

J.P., Bathurst.—The profits of the Bathurst municipal gas works represent the unpaid wages of labor—all profits do. The fact the gas is municipally owned doesn't make it a Socialist concern. Only a deplorably ill-informed person would call that sort of thing Socialism. Socialism does not exploit the workers; your munipical gas-works does: it exploits them for the benefit of the property-owning taxpayers.

E.V.C., Broken Hill.—A new English edition of Francis Adams' book, "Songs of the Army of the Night," has recently been published. Don't know whether it's procurable in Australia. Cole's Book Arcade, Sydney or Melbourne, might be able to supply you.

F.H., Ayi, North Queensland.—Writing you the particulars asked for. You are right with regard to organization; and, what's more, we want you and all like you in the International Socialist Party.

DANDELION; TRUTHSEEKER: Next week.

W.S., Adelaide: Subs. received. Thanks. Instructions followed.

J.S., Havelock, N.Z.: Your letter-card foawarded to Peter Bowling as desired.

D.O'S., Fitzroy, V.: Papers posted every Thursday; should be delivered to you Friday afternoon. Complain at local post-office. We are notifying G.P.O.

J.D., Plattsburg: Subs. received. Thanks.

A WOWSER, Darlinghurst: A bit lengthy, but good stuff. Will endeavor to use next week.

A.L.R., Cape Hawke; A.F., Balmain; Received.

G.M., Adelaide: Received. Supply increased as directed. Good luck, Adelaide.

A. MCDONALD, Hackney, London: All contributions to this paper are voluntary.

The Fair for the Press Fund.

"SPLENDID! A credit to the Party! Long may THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST live!" Such are the sentiments expressed near and far by all interested in the future of the working class. But can you not see the deeper significance underlying the objective of our Party? Can you not imagine prostitution banished from our midst? The children taken from the labor dens and "placed in sunny centres where all sweet things bloom; the hovels of the poor replaced by villas; happier lives for the people, with more leisure to enjoy the beauties of nature or to dive into its mysteries? The hills, the valleys, the foliage, the waters, the human frame, hold secrets your heart must crave to learn." And if you would have the world advance and not stagnate, then help to educate it. Help the Fair! Send along presents, use your best endeavors to make it a success, so that the paper may still go on its mission among the masses, bearing glad tidings of great joy, acting as a beacon light to all who toil, and guiding them to that stage in human progression where all shall indeed be free.—F. W. HARRIS, secretary.

[This week's list of donations has been mislaid. It will appear next week.—ED.]

PRESS FUND.

	£	s	d
Already acknowledged	12	13	0
Rebel, Nyngan	0	5	0
H. M.	0	2	0
Garlish	0	1	0
Friend	0	0	3
M. Schonenberg, jun.	0	1	0
Germi	0	1	0
Fuleger	0	1	0
R. Welzel	0	1	0
Diedericks	0	1	0
Per O. Jorgensen (Book 15)—P. Welzel 1s, Shewel 1s, H.D. 1s,	0	3	0
	£13	9	3
Advanced as Loans.			
Already acknowledged	6	0	0
Total	19	9	3

R. Wenzel 1s, in last issue, should have been R. Welzel 1s.

All communications to be addressed to O. W. Jorgensen, secretary, Press Fund Committee, 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

The cables report that "an uproar was caused at the International Socialist Congress at Copenhagen when Keir Hardie advocated a strike of the trades producing war material whenever war was declared. The sub-committee's draft resolution urged that it is the duty of Socialists not to vote money for military purposes and to demand disarmament. Keir Hardie, speaking on behalf of the English delegates, declared that the scope of the resolution was too limited. They demanded that on the outbreak of war the workers should proclaim a strike within 24 hours."

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WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH JESUS?

A PARSON'S QUESTION ANSWERED.

[FOR THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.]

BY GUS. ANDERSON.

He stood in the dock to answer
The charge that the clerk had read:
"This man is charged as a vagrant
Who has not money—nor bread.

"He wanders about the country,
And stirreth the poor to strife;
He will own no man his master,
And swell no profits in life.

He teaches the low and wretched
That they are the equals of kings,
That great men shall yet be humbled,
For Time a New Order brings.

* * *

What is the verdict? . . . "GUILTY!"
So Law and Order prevail.
The sentence is TWO YEARS' LABOR
For the good of the State in jail.

* * *

This, this would you do with Jesus,
Oh ye who are pious and sleek,
Whose bellies are filled with the tribute
You grind from his friends—the weak!

International Notes.

United States.

STRIKING cloakmakers in New York attempted to parade the streets at noon on Thursday of last week. The demonstration was attacked by the police, who arrested 100 of the strikers.

The strike of New York garment-makers threatens to spread to half-a-million workers in allied trades, says the cable.

Later cables announce that the strikers have resumed work, having practically won all their demands, including a nine-hours' day. Ten thousand families of the strikers were on the point of eviction from their homes.

Great Britain.

The S.D.P. has issued a splendid manifesto for distribution in the native languages of India, in which Britain's monstrous domination of India is denounced, and comparisons are drawn as to the British attitude towards tyranny and despotism in Spain and tyranny and despotism in India. The manifesto (which we shall reprint immediately the English mail brings it to hand) declares that "British despotism has forced the most peaceful and submissive race in the world into an anarchist propaganda."

The following resolution was passed by the Executive Council of the S.D.P.:—"This meeting of the Executive Council of the Social-Democratic Party protests strongly against the extradition of the British subject Savarkar from Great Britain to India for trial on offences which could far more properly have been dealt with in this country, expresses its opinion that the prisoner having landed on French shores should not have been surrendered by the French authorities on the demand of the British warders, and heartily congratulates our comrade Jean Jaures and our other French comrades upon the admirable work they have done in inducing the French Government to call for Savarkar's immediate return from India into French custody. This meeting also condemns the Liberal Government for its permanent suppression of freedom of speech, of the press and right of public meeting in Hindostan according to the recent proclamation of George V., Emperor of India."

In order to deal with the exceptional financial difficulties under which the party is working at present, the Executive Council has decided to issue an appeal for £500 for the S.D.P.

Justice prints the following:—We sincerely hope that something will be done on behalf James Larkin, who, on June 17 last, was sentenced, by Judge Boyd, at Dublin, to twelve months' hard labor. Larkin, with two others, was charged with conspiring to obtain, and obtaining, money by false pretences, as subscriptions to the National Union of Dock Laborers, and afterwards converting it to their own use. One of Larkin's fellow-defendants was in an asylum, Coveney, was recommend to mercy by the jury and eloquently pleaded for by Larkin, and was simply bound over. Larkin, who chivalrously took all the blame upon himself, was shown to be guiltless of the principal charge. It was clear that the subscriptions were not got on false pretences, and that they were not appropriated by Larkin to his own personal use. The whole charge arose out of a trade union quarrel, into the merits of which we do not propose to enter. Larkin went to Cork to organise a branch of the National Union of Dock Laborers, and collected subscriptions for that organisation. While engaged on that work he quarrelled with the union, it appears, over their treatment of strikers at Dublin. He then set to work to turn the Cork branch of the Union he was organising into a new organization called the Transport Workers' Union, giving to this new body the subscriptions collected. Those appear to be the facts of the case. And from them it will be seen that Larkin neither obtained money by false pretences nor appropriated it to his own use. We are not called upon to justify his conduct as it affected the National Union of Dock Laborers. On that we express no opinion, beyond suggesting that there were faults on both sides, and that it is regrettable that such quarrels, if they cannot be avoided, should not be settled out of court. We do, however, protest most strongly against the course adopted by the prosecution, which, nominally by the Crown, was obviously that of the Shipping Federation. And, above all, we protest against the brutal sentence, which was monstrously excessive for the offence, and would appear to most people as a vindictive punishment for the part played by Larkin in the Belfast strike."

Professor Levi, of the University of Wales, in a speech at Eastbourne, declared that compared with Christianity Socialism was as a candle to the sunshine. "I would like," he said, "to warn every young member of the audience against the fatal error of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, who lowers the kingdom of God to the level of materialistic Socialism."

The Shipbuilding Employers Federation gave notice on Friday of a national lockout of 15,000 boilermakers. It is expected that 70,000 workers will be rendered idle in consequence.

The cable announces that Robert Blatchford is printing further jingo articles in the *Clarion*.

Germany.

The Socialists have gained another seat in the Reichstag by a very large majority. It is these repeated successes that cause the kaiser to despair of retaining his job with the people's consent and to declare himself to be the instrument of God.

France.

Three hundred milliners' employees in Paris struck work, and wrecked a shop in the Rue Reaumur. When they were attacked by the gendarmes they used hatpins and waistbelts and scissors. One hundred arrests were made.

Spain.

Spain is in the throes of a revolution which is anti-clerical, political, and industrial. Martial law has been proclaimed at Bilboa, in the north of Spain, where a great strike of miners and dockers is described by the capitalist press as revolutionary in character.

S.F.A. News & Notes.

South Australia.

BY H.S.C.

THE strike-breaking fraternity, with the assistance of the exploiters, have succeeded in fooling the workers once more. When the Conciliation Board met to deal with the grievances of the employees at Simpson's factory, Simpson would not consent to them dealing with any other question but that of the moulders, and as both parties have to agree as to the matters the Board shall deal with this led to a deadlock. But we have a Labor Government in power, which intends building up a reputation for preventing and breaking strikes, and so Simpson knew he was following a safe course.

On Tuesday night last the Implement Makers' Society held a meeting to consider the matter, as the employees were feeling a bit sore over things. The strike-breakers' delegate, Blundell, attended the meeting, and I have been informed that he stated that Simpson's would agree to wages boards being established to deal with the matter. Blundell also urged them to accept the wages boards which he said would deal with the matter more effectively, and he also guaranteed that both Houses of Parliament would agree to pass the necessary bills to appoint the boards. The Conciliation Board met on Wednesday, and the following resolution was carried: "That this Board stands adjourned to a date to be fixed by the president for the purpose of enabling the creation forthwith of such wages boards under the factory act as agreed by the parties for determining the wages of employees."

The *Daily Herald* reports that Alderman Simpson and Mr. R. P. Blundell, M.P., undertook to take the necessary steps today to give effect to the foregoing resolution. I suppose the necessary steps would be that Blundell would inform his confreres that all was well, and they could pass the measures as they would be effective for strike-breaking purposes in future, and that Simpson would notify the Employers' Federation that their representatives in Parliament could safely pass the Bills.

On Thursday there was a bill passed through both Houses to create three wages boards to deal with Simpson's trade. The Premier, in introducing the Bill, said, *inter alia*: "These resolutions were brought forward for Mr. Simpson's sanction and that of the men. . . . *Without raising the argument of which side was right or wrong* in the dispute, they were satisfied that the question at issue between Mr. Simpson and his employees was one that had to be arrested as quickly as possible, and the Government offered no apology for getting in between Mr. Simpson and the men while seeking to settle the dispute.

The half-leader of the Opposition (Peake) agreed to the Bills and whilst speaking went into hysterics about "agitators," and said that many employers were at present in a state of nervous tension.

Mr. Blundell said that "it would be impossible for the boards to come into operation before three months, and that the men realise that they will not get any award under this board in less than six months.

Which means that the women employed by Simpson have to work under the conditions described by the *Daily Herald* and Thompson Green, M.P., as shameful for at least another six months. And yet when the employees were urged to accept the Conciliation Board they were told that the Board would deal with the questions at once and that the award of the Conciliation Board would be retrospective and date from the time of starting work.

I have been informed that since the employees returned to work Mr. Simpson has in many ways successfully demonstrated to to them that he regards them as friends and that he only wishes for amicable relations to exist between them.

It will be interesting to notice, when it is necessary to elect representatives to the three wages boards, how unwilling most of the employees will be to have that honor thrust upon them.

There are many unions (which still suffer from the wages boards delusion) which have tried for many years to obtain through their representatives in Parliament wages boards established to deal with their trade or calling, but without success. Simpson only had to give the necessary instructions to Parliament, and a bill to create three wages boards was passed in a few hours, and so the educational work goes on.

The strike-breaking fraternity overlooks the fact that Simpson's fiasco has been a grand lesson to the workers, as it shows them clearly that until they have the necessary combination and recognise their economic power, their Parliaments are useless to them.

The verdict of the Railway Commissioner on the Thompson enquiry (or rather the Thompson farce) was given on Tuesday last, and, as expected from such an enquiry, the commissioner reported that "the enquiry has not resulted in proof of misconduct, but his voice is loud and his manner somewhat brusque. I state unhesitatingly that Foreman Thompson retains my confidence."

Denny, the alleged working class Attorney General, says that "a loud voice and a brusque manner are excellent qualifications for a foreman"; but perhaps that is another of the little jokes that the Verran Ministry are so fond of cracking.

The U.L.U. requested the Railway Commissioner to allow them to obtain a copy of the depositions as the daily papers, including the *Daily Herald*, which is supposed to be the workers' paper, did not, in the opinion of the unionists that attended the enquiry, give a fair report of the proceedings, but the Railway Commissioner refused the request.

The decision of the enquiry was discussed at a meeting of the U.L.U. held last Saturday night, and the meeting decided that as the Premier had openly flouted the organisation, the U.L.U. would have to act. It was resolved that the following resolution be forwarded to the Premier: "The Premier and the Railway Commissioner having refused to recognise this union during the Thompson enquiry, or to allow the union to cross-examine witnesses, the union therefore considers such enquiry to be unfair. We hereby give the Railway Commissioner notice that in the event of Foreman Thompson being put in charge of any works where members of this union would be controlled by him, they will cease work on Sept. 1." The resolution was forwarded to the Premier and also to the Railway Commissioner, and although they both received the letters on Monday, they have not up to date (Wednesday) even shown the courtesy of acknowledgement.

On Tuesday morning Thompson was placed in his old position at Gepps' Cross, and unless he is removed before to-night, then the men will cease work.

The executive of the U.L.U. has shown the Premier every courtesy, and has exhausted all methods to bring about a peaceful settlement. But it appears to be the wish of our "working-class" Premier to cause trouble with the men he so ably misrepresents. It appears that the taunts of Peake and Homburg in the House have been too much for that good old Cornish miner to bear.

Comrade Mrs. Jenkins from England arrived in the s.s. Suffolk on Friday last, and a number of comrades journeyed to the Port to welcome her. A couple of hours were pleasantly spent.

Our meetings are all going good. On Sunday night last Os. Bennett lectured to a good audience on "The sign of the times from a Socialist standpoint."

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The Socialist assertion that kings are useless has been disproved. The British king shot a lord last week.

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THE FENCE OR THE AMBULANCE.

'Twas a dangerous cliff, as they freely confessed,
Though to walk near its crest was so pleasant;
But over its terrible edge there had slipped
A duke and full many a peasant.
So the people said something would have to be done,
But their projects did not at all tally.
Some, "Put a fence around the edge of the cliff,"
Some, "An ambulance down in the valley."

But the cry for the ambulance carried the day.
And it spread through the neighboring city;
A fence may be useful or not, it is true,
But each heart became brimful of pity
For those who slipped over that dangerous cliff.
And the dwellers in highway and alley
Gave pounds or gave pence, not to put up a fence,
But an ambulance down in the valley.

Then an old sage remarked: "It's a marvel to me
That people give far more attention
To repairing results than to stopping the cause,
When they'd better aim at prevention.
Let us stop at its source all this mischief," cried he,
"Come neighbors and friends, let us rally;
If the cliff we will fence, we might almost dispense
With the ambulance down in the valley."

"Oh, he's a fanatic," the others rejoined;
"Dispense with the ambulance? Never!
He'd dispense with all charities, too; if he could,
No, no, we'll support them forever!
Aren't we picking up folks just as fast as they fall?
And shall this man dictate to us? Shall he?
Why should people of sense stop to put up a fence,
While the ambulance works in the valley!"

* * *

Better generate well than reclaim them when old—
For the gist of this matter is seeing
That to rescue the fallen is good, but 'tis best
To hinder such people from being.
Better close up the source that generates crime
Than deliver from dungeon or galley;
Better put a stout fence round the edge of the cliff
Than an ambulance down in the valley.

—JOSEPH MALINS.

Open Column.

Industrial Unionism and Trades Unionism.

BEFORE the increasing development of Capitalism with its never-ending introduction of labor-saving machinery and the concentration of wealth into fewer hands, the present form of working-class organisation, Trades Unionism, stands helpless and impotent.

Fortunately for the working class, this fact is recognised by a small section, and they advocate a new form of working class organisation, known as Industrial Unionism, so as to keep abreast of the increasing development of Capitalism. One would think that the working class would gladly listen to the message of these pioneers and welcome the form of organisation that they advocate. But this is not so; it is quite the opposite. The organised workers refuse to hear them on the Trades Union Council, and have defeated the proposal to adopt this new form of organisation by an overwhelming majority in their Trade Union Congresses. When the average trades unionist is asked for his reasons for not adopting this new form of organisation he invariably answers that it "would cause a division in the ranks of the organised workers." This answer is very amusing, and shows a lack of knowledge of the present form of Unionism. The whole history of strikes goes to show that in the ranks of the trades unionists there has existed a division.

In the attitude of trades unionists towards the late Newcastle coalminers' strike we have an exhibition of this division. There we had some thousands of trades unionists out on strike for better conditions, whilst all their fellow unionists throughout Australia remained at work and brought about the coal miners' defeat. It is tragical as well as comical to think that advocates of Industrial Unionism are charged with trying to cause a division when as a matter of fact Trades Unionism as a whole is one great division. Trades Unionism cannot be otherwise, because it rests upon sectional organisation, which rests upon a basis of the identity of interests between the exploiter and the exploited. From this it can be safely argued that Trades Unionism has outlived its usefulness and by its own actions it stands condemned as a helpless and impotent weapon for working-class defence against Capitalism.

That the working class can hope for no benefits from this now useless organisation is borne out by the fact that the workers to-day receive less of the products of their labor than in any other period of Capitalism.

That the time is ripe for the working class to adopt Industrial Unionism as their future form of organisation must be apparent to every intelligent member of that class.

This being admitted, it is now necessary to understand what Industrial Unionism really is. To some it only means a linking together of the present trades unions. But Industrial Unionism is not simply a consolidating of trades unions, a mere federation which has been existing in some countries on a large scale for a number of years. That these federation of unions also fail as a weapon of defence and aggression is proved by the defeats that the American Federation of Labor has sustained. The reason of its failures can be laid to the foundation upon which it is built, and that foundation is the same as Trades Unionism—the identity of interests between the exploiter and the exploited.

It must be admitted, then, this linking together of Trades Unions is not Industrial Unionism, and that it necessarily follows that Industrial Unionism means a new organisation completely, and that it must be built upon an altogether different foundation than that of Trades Unionism. This being so, it is necessary to see if such an organisation is in existence. To me, in the Industrial Workers of the World, which has taken root in America, we have the nucleus of this form of organisation, and in the opening sentence of its preamble we have the right foundation that Industrial Unionism should be organised upon, that is, "The working class and the capitalist class have nothing in common." Recognising this, I think it is the duty of every one who believes in Industrial Unionism to work for the bringing into existence of this organisation in Australia.

It might be argued by some industrialists that the I.W.W. is already in existence in Australia; but this is not so. The organisation that bears its name is not connected with it. This is proved by its repudiation of the preamble that was carried at the last convention of the I.W.W. in America. Hoping, then, to see those readers who are interested make a move in the direction that I have indicated, i.e., the formation of the I.W.W. in Australia,—I am, yours for revolt, H. L. DEXFORD.

Suggestion—and Crime.

IN a sub-leader of a recent issue of the *Daily Telegraph*, under the heading, "A wave of Crime," it was admitted that "Suggestion" probably played an important part in the unprecedented series of savage crimes now being committed throughout the world. And yet in the same issue of this widely read daily paper we find head-lined cables chronicling diabolical crimes from other parts of the planet, as though we had not enough of our own crimes to record but must give full publicity to all the more prominent murders and suicides from other parts, to say nothing of resurrecting "Jack the Ripper." I courteously directed, in a short letter, the *D.T.'s* attention to this fact, but so far as I know, the screed only got to the W.P.B., though several other letters on the same subject appeared in subsequent issues. Suggestion is an important factor in these crimes, for they more often occur in succession, rather than simultaneously, throughout the world. Morever these desperate crimes, such as Crippen's, are not often the handiwork of hardened criminals, but seem to emanate from an unbalanced brain swayed by passion and an unhappy suggestion. How often do we find murders and suicides following in close succession in the same localities, one crime prompting another. Take, for example, the youth recently arrested in Victoria for incendiarism, the only explanation he had to offer for his rash acts was the fact that another office boy had "suggested" how easy it could be done. If our great daily papers would devote more time and space to exposing the injustice in our social-economic system, which also is responsible for much of the crime, we would the sooner evolve a saner and purer plan of preserving the thought and life of the people and thus eliminate crime. We shall not make much advance in mind or material until the papers present to the people only those subjects which are good, noble and beautiful, steadfastly discarding the gruesome details of murder, suicide, and sudden death—for it is Life, and Life more abundantly, that we all seek and need.—For Truth and Freedom, FREDERICK ALLMAN.

Socialism is not seeking something that you do not want. It is merely trying to stop the robbery of the worker and place the control of your life in your own hands instead of in the hands of the boss.

This world is just what you and your fellows make it—if you don't like your condition in it why don't you change it? Why keep on voting for conditions that irritate you?

Every time a wrong is reformed it is in better shape to do more wrong.

When civilisation comes the wild beasts go. We still have kings and armies.

It is what you produced but didn't get that is locked in the bank vaults in the names of other men.

The only way to end the class struggle is to end the classes. Classes are now and always have been the product of robbery, one class being the exploiters, the other class being the exploited.

Capitalist justice means prisons for the workers and palaces for the thieves. No wonder justice is pictured as blind.

There is much labor done that is useless under capitalism. It deserves no reward, for sometimes it is labor to rob another.

Rockefeller, the richest man on earth, professes to worship the Carpenter of Galilee, who had not where to lay his head. But this lip service paid to one worker does not prevent him piling up millions drained from the blood and bodies of other workers. There is a difference between praising poverty and stopping the exploitation of the poor.

A man works harder to keep his head above water than he does in swimming. This is true, not only literally but also in a financial sense.

Prepare for war and you will get what you look for. Prepare for peace and you will get that. There is no reason for a nation to go armed in order to secure tranquility than there is in an individual toting a gun.—*Appeal to Reason.*

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